

## Control by OnlyInAutumn

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**Summary:**

After a night of finding a monster in the woods, Nancy and Jonathan do more than sleep in her bed together. Takes place during 1x06.

# Control

## Author's Note:

So I finally watched *Stranger Things* after putting it off for weeks and have completely succumbed to the Jonathan x Nancy relationship. Waiting for next season will be torture, so here's a little oneshot.

She had been in the shower for longer than usual, the flashes of what she had seen in the woods in her mind, taking over her thoughts. It was enough to bring her to the point of crumbling down into the shower, a strange paralysis extending through her. Her back was up against the smooth part of the bathtub, facing the shower curtain in front of her.

The sobs came next, though the water pouring down on her head which flooded streams around her face, kept the tears from showing a distinct mark.

Nancy looped her arms around her legs and slightly rocked back and forth, wishing for the flashbacks to go away—the cold, sticky atmosphere around *it*, the terror, the sounds of the feeding, the sounds of her screaming, lungs burning from running.

“Stop it,” she tried to tell her mind, but it was no use.

There was a light knock at the bathroom door and Nancy was able to bring herself out of it. She listened to the oily creak of the door opening only halfway. “Nancy?” said the whisper, Jonathan not wanting to alert her parents of his presence (although she was sure her dad had passed out on the couch watching the TV and her mom was probably otherwise occupied).

She opened her mouth to say something, a lie like *I’m fine*, but no words came out. The door creaked more as it widened and then shut again. “Nancy?” he said a little louder, voice full of worry.

Nancy couldn’t say anything. Words just wouldn’t come out.

She pulled her legs in tighter and rested her head against her knees. She waited and Jonathan eventually pulled the shower curtain out of the way, hand gripping the material and yanking it partway. When he saw her there, his face went from worried to distraught, eyebrows pulled together, eyes wide.

“Nancy?”

She looked up, water still pummeling her face. “I keep seeing it,” she managed.

Jonathan immediately jumped into action, pulling a clean white towel off of the rack. Once he had it though, Nancy noted the anxious expression he wore and how his hands were gripping the towel too tight. He looked down at the cotton in his hands, to Nancy, to the towel again, and back to Nancy.

With a sigh, knowing she couldn’t stay in the shower forever, she relinquished one of her hands from around her legs—her safety net—and held out her dripping hand.

Jonathan looked at it for a moment, unsure, but ultimately took a step closer. He first turned the knob of the shower so the water turned off, then took her hand. If she wasn’t so wet than she might have notice how clammy his palms had gotten from nervousness due to her naked state, even though nothing was visible to him at the moment.

As soon as he took a firm grip of her hand, Nancy began to move without thinking. Jonathan quickly averted his eyes elsewhere as she did, bringing herself to her feet. The water ran off her in droplets once she was fully standing, legs a little shaky. Jonathan held out the towel for her, eyes still resting towards the corner, head turned away from her.

For that, she was grateful. Jonathan was a respectable guy.

Nancy wrapped the towel around her and tucked the edge in to the side of her chest to keep it pinned on her. She twisted her hair so the excess water went down the drain. When she looked in front of her, she was unsure if she could get out of the tub unassisted and not slip,

noting the missing bath mat on the floor—probably in the washer.

He was close enough that Nancy rested a hand on Jonathan's shoulder to get out, testing the waters so to speak. She still wasn't sure if she could manage it on her own since her legs still felt unstable. "Could you...?"

She didn't need to finish. Jonathan already knew what she was asking for help.

He sucked in a breath before he looked back to her, eyes timid and apprehensive about where to keep them. He placed two hands on her waist tentatively as she threw her legs over the lip of the tub and stepped out onto the cool white tile floor, toes moving upwards to get away from the chill. His hands lingered only briefly on her petite frame until he dropped them to his sides, hands rubbing down the side of his pants as if he was trying to wipe something away.

Nancy understood.

It was more obvious than ever than his feelings went further than friendship.

"Thanks," she whispered, glancing up at him.

In that moment, something felt so intimate between them. Nancy felt this strange urge to close the distance between them and drop her towel, only to have reality sink in when Jonathan hitched his thumb over his shoulder and said, "I'll be in your room."

She nodded and waited for him to leave, door creaking open and closed behind him.

The pajamas that were neatly folded on the bathroom sink were blue and had a few pastel flowers decorating it. Nancy made a face at them, something her mother had picked out for her. She wished that when she was at the mall a few weeks ago she would have bought nicer ones, ones with lace and were silky smooth. The color red, even. Gosh, her mother would have had a fit if she had seen that kind in her laundry bin. God forbid Nancy actually grew up and wanted mature clothes.

Nancy shook her head. She should just start doing her own laundry so she could hide the more risky clothes or pajamas.

She slipped on the boring blue ones instead and dried her hair with the towel, leaving it in ball on the floor, uncaring if she got yelled at for it the next morning.

When the door to her room opened, she snuck in silently, knowing every place where the floorboards would make a groan if she stepped on them. She found Jonathan at the foot of her bed, backed up into the white frame, fingered intertwined with the metal behind him. Nancy never expected him to settle in unless he was told to, never wanting to intrude in her space. But she liked having him there in her room, amongst all her belongings she held dear.

“Feel better?”

He was hopeful and Nancy couldn’t bear to squash that. “A little, I guess.” The door behind her clicked shut and she made eye contact with him. “You’ll stay, right?”

He looked taken aback, like he wasn’t sure if she had really asked him that question. “Uh, yeah, sure, only if you want me to.”

She smiled. Only if she wanted him to. Jonathan had a habit of needing a second confirmation. “I want you to,” she established, almost stumbling and not tacking on the *to* at the end.

I want you.

Well, at least she was being honest with herself.

Jonathan looked around the room. “Where should I...?”

Nancy contemplated it for a moment before she decided, “Just sleep with me. It’s fine.”

She locked the door behind her and pushed off it with her palms. Jonathan waited for her to pull the sheets down and to get in before he moved. He laid down on top of the blankets slowly next to her, enough distance that he would feel comfortable enough, but also close enough that Nancy A) would remain unoffended since if he was

so far away that he was teetering at the edge of the bed would have made her think she still smelled of that nasty goo she was wearing the whole way back to her house, and B) they both felt secure.

She tucked into the covers but remained unsatisfied with him above them, feeling like he was only doing that to give her space. She tugged at the top of her quilt and urged him to snuggle in for the night. "It'll get chilly in here," she explained.

He nodded and decided to go with it.

Jonathan was a lot like a beaten animal, at least that was how Nancy explained it to herself. She noticed a lot about him in the short period of time they had spent with each other. Body contact made him flinch if he wasn't aware that it was coming. It could be the simplest brush of the shoulder on accident and he would instinctively recoil. Closeness was another factor. He wasn't used to being around other people in that way, opening up to them, letting them see who he was. His first instinct was to avoid it. Nancy didn't think that he even noticed that he did it. And she most definitely didn't think that he noticed that Nancy wanted to fix it.

They laid in silence for a long time facing each other but not looking at the other, neither of them able to close their eyes and face the horrors. Eventually, Nancy's eyes trained upwards to examine Jonathan. His hair was swept across his forehead, thin eyebrows perfectly sculpted around his eyes, defined jawline—his face was just nice in general.

Nancy bit her lip.

She had little time to notice him before, and now it was all she could do.

Jonathan must have felt her eyes on him because he shifted his gaze to her, blinking twice until it registered that she was staring back. He moved a hand underneath the pillow he was using and adjusted himself so his face aligned with Nancy's.

She got brave and made a move. He watched as her hand lifted up from its spot between them, landing on top of his shoulder, and

brushed down the length of his upper arm. When her hand reached his elbow, Jonathan parted his lips and let out content sigh, eyes meeting with Nancy's. She never realized how mysterious looking they were before.

Nancy dropped her hand and put it back on the bed in the space between them, inching closer to him, moving her pillow as she shifted. "It feels like we're trapped in this horrible nightmare and there's no way out," she finally said, "doesn't it?"

He nodded along with her, their endless search into the darkness for monsters that took her best friends and Jonathan's only brother taking its toll on the both of them, evident from their night of horrors in the woods.

"Nightmares don't have happy endings," she commented grimly.

"Try not to think about it," he replied, voice low and deeper than before.

She shook her head slightly, eyes slanted closed for a moment. "I wish it were that easy."

*If only.*

She lightly knocked her fingers against his chest covered by the black shirt he was wearing. With one finger, she drew a line down, passing his navel, and then messed with the hem of his tucked in shirt, pulling it free. Her fingers grazed the thread along the bottom until she really put on the bravery hat and touched the skin right above where his pants hit his abdomen, fingers trailed down until her palm flattened against his groin.

His knee jerked when she did, hand flashing down to catch her hand, wrapping his fingers around her wrist, like he might pull her hand away and it was all one big mistake.

But it wasn't a mistake and he didn't pull her hand away. Jonathan was frozen, too uneasy to make any move, wheels turning in his head about what to do, what to say.

But really, they both knew he wanted it anyways and so did she, so

might as well skip over the whole talking about it part. Nancy knew all she had to do was reestablish some control over the situation. She moved closer so she was only a few inches away, parallel to him. "Don't be skittish," she told him. "It's okay."

Jonathan let go of a breath that he had been holding. He was trying to find some words to say, but he was just as at a loss of words as Nancy had been in the shower. She pressed her lips against his for the first time, light and tender. He wasn't used to being touched so Nancy needed to start out gentle.

"Nancy," he breathed in between kisses.

She pressed her hand against his groin again, outlining his dick. Nancy was somewhat surprised to find he was already hard. Her head filled with questions.

When did it happen? The bathroom? When he got in her bed? When she rubbed his arm?

*When?*

At least she knew definitively that he wanted her too.

His fingers around her wrist had loosened when she palmed him through the pants. He let out a moan, which surprised them both. Jonathan's eyes flashed open, embarrassed. Nancy, however, was more than intrigued. It was so easy to please him, any movement from her hand being an instant pleasure source for him. Steve had been too directive, telling her what to do, but she liked this way better, figuring it out on her own.

Nancy bit at her lip again, pulling away from his mouth, and brought both hands to his belt. She glanced up at Jonathan just to see the expression on his face when he realized where this all was going. His eyebrows had pulled together, somewhat in confusion, and somewhat in concentration. Nancy pulled at the loop of the belt and yanked it the rest of the way from his waist, reaching behind her to dangle it off the side of the bed before they both heard the sound of it gently hitting the floor.



When her fingers caught the button on his pants, he interrupted. "Nancy."

"Yes?" she asked innocently, fingers coming to a still. She noted that his hands were balled into fists against the bed in between them. "Something wrong?"

He blinked, then gave a brief twitch of a smile in the corner of his mouth. Nancy waited anxiously, watching as his throat moved when he swallowed and his chest began moving faster. "Maybe this isn't the right time."

It was killing him to say it, she could tell. It only made her want him more knowing that even when his body was begging for her, he was still thinking about what was best for Nancy.

"Not the right time?"

He closed his eyes momentarily and sighed deeply. "I don't want you to regret it." One of his fists unraveled and played with the end of a strand of her hair. He whispered in a low voice, "It's been a long night."

What that meant was it had been a night that neither of them had any idea how to even explain to anyone else. And maybe they didn't need to. Maybe all they needed to know was that it was real and they had been there together to validate it.

In the moment, Nancy decided fully what she wanted and she was going to go for it. "It's you. There won't be any regrets." She pushed him onto his back with two hands and threw a leg over his other side, placing herself in a straddling position in one swift motion. It was a new position for her but she found she liked it, the control she had, and the view. Jonathan's hips moved slightly upward underneath her once she settled against him, fingers brushing the edges of her calves, unsure of what he should do with his hands.

It was crazy.

All of it.

Any yet somehow it all was totally normal, like it was supposed to

happen all along.

Nancy's fingers undid the buttons to her pajama top one by one, Jonathan's eyes flitting to each white button that got popped open. In the moment she realized that it definitely was not the sexiest of things—aka the horrible girly pajamas—but then again, Jonathan didn't seem to care one bit. Besides, the material would be on the floor soon anyways.

When the last button was done, she shrugged the top off her shoulders. Her bra wasn't anything fancy either, just pure white with some lace detailing around the outer edge of the cup. Her hair was still damp when she pushed it over her shoulder so it dangled down her back.

Her hands then bunched at his shirt, pushing it upward. He reached his arms up and pulling it the rest of the way off. Nancy leaned over and flicked the light off, just in case anyone walked by her room, the illusion she was asleep would be in effect.

Nancy bent over to kiss him, that time a little rougher, needing more. Jonathan got experimental and daintily moved his fingers up across the sides of her thighs. She pulled away abruptly, causing him to remove his hands, but she slid the pajama bottoms off, climbing back to her original position on top of him.

It wasn't the easiest to see. The only light coming through was from under her door from the hallway light that was kept on in case anyone got up during the night, plus the moonlight sneaking in under the closed blinds. There was enough light that she could see what she was doing, however, little enough that she didn't need to be self-conscious.

The bra came off next, reaching around to take off the metal hooks. As soon as it hit the floor, Nancy took the initiative to grab Jonathan's hands and place them onto her breasts. He bit down on his bottom lip as he gave a good squeeze, thumb rubbing over the skin. His hands were rougher than her own, but Nancy found that she didn't mind.

Jonathan shifted underneath her, causing Nancy to drop a hand onto

his abdomen to steady herself. “*Nancy*,” Jonathan whispered into the darkness. Somewhere in her name there was the unspoken *I need you*. She needed him too, more and more as the seconds passed by, the teenage hormones kicking in. Her eyes dropped to his zipper, refocusing. She undid the button, pulled at the zipper, and looped her fingers underneath the rough denim of the black pants and the soft boxers below them, pulling both pairs to his ankles and all the way off.

She saw him swallow, nervous. He was so shy that in comparison, Nancy looked like the expert, despite her few experiences with sex.

“Have you ever...?” she started, curious.

He shook his head. “No.”

She didn’t think so, but wanted to make sure.

When she was back on top of him, topless, and him completely naked underneath her, that was when Jonathan began to get fidgety, not quite sure what to do with himself or with her. Nancy found it do be completely adorable. She wasn’t going to make him wait long, but still enjoyed watching him going crazy for her.

She leaned down and kissed him, just a peck. “Is it okay like this?”

What she meant was something along the lines of *is it okay for me to be on top*? Jonathan ran his hands up her thighs once more, to the top part of her underwear. “Yes.”

Good.

She needed to be.

She reached down and took ahold of his hard dick, running her thumb over the tip, creating a reaction from Jonathan. His legs moved subtly as she stroked down the length until she stopped, Nancy pulling down her underwear. She took him in her hand again and Jonathan gripped her waist as she lowered onto him completely, him making small moans as she did. When he was all the way inside her, Nancy let out her breath. It felt good, like really good. The other times, not so much, but her and Jonathan fit together so well.

Jonathan Byers and Nancy Wheeler.

Who would have known?

She placed two hands onto his chest and started to move, every time Jonathan's hands gripping her hips, thumb pressing into her pelvic bone. His breathing was rather erratic when she moved quicker, doing what he body wanted, going off of pure instincts. She caught on quick that Jonathan was not going to last very long, it being that not only had he never been touched by anyone else before, but also that it was his first time—him being a guy and all, the main event was right around the corner.

She wanted him to feel good.

Nancy started to get her hips into the mix more, rolling them harder, faster, causing both Jonathan and the bed to move slightly in whatever direction she was. One of Jonathan's hands had slid up the length of her abdomen back to her breast as she bounced and he accepted the momentum she was picking up.

Jonathan dropped his other hand back to her hip, pressing hard against her. Nancy understood that he was about to lose it, even though he was trying not to.

"Don't fight it," she encouraged, trying to keep her breath stable enough to speak.

Her comment did the trick.

Jonathan's jaw tightened, his hips jerked upward in one final thrust, and Nancy covered his mouth with her hand so no one would hear him say her name in ecstasy, eyes closing tight. Hot breath poured into her hands as she stifled the moan coming out of him. When his body relaxed, hands falling off her hips and to his side, she removed her hand and stared down at him, eyes searching his serene expression.

She thought in that moment that she might be falling in love with him.

"Nancy," he mumbled again, breathless.

She brought herself up and off of him, laying down next to Jonathan, pulling the sheet up and over her shoulder, fixing it so that it covered him as well.

“Was it okay?” she asked, wanting to know the honest answer.

“Okay?” he was genuinely surprised. “You’re amazing. It was...just, well, fantastic.”

She gave a relieved sigh. “I wasn’t sure if I was doing it right,” she whispered.

“You were.”

They both giggled and eventually drifted off to sleep after an eventful evening.